"Catholic Plot" Down Under
—Wilfrid Sheed

THE

Commonweal

CONDITIONS OF FREEDOM

by Russell Kirk

DARKNESS OVER THE LAND

by Ned O'Gorman

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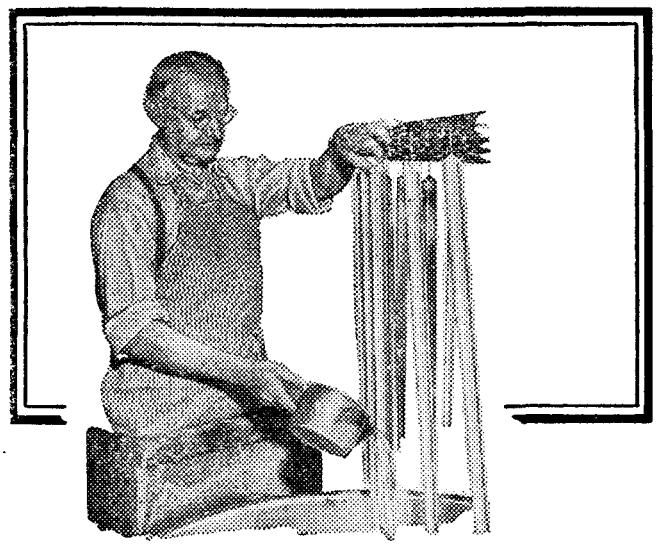

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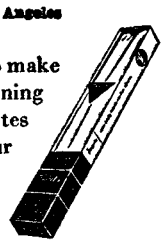

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The
Commonweal
week by week

NUCLEAR WEAPON CONTROL

PIUS XII's annual Christmas messages have long dealt with a concern close to his paternal heart: man's quest for peace and security. The clouds of war hung over Europe at the outset of his pontificate. The present Pope literally agonized over the incalculable human sufferings in World War II and the Fascist and Communist persecutions before, during and after that fearful conflict. The Pontiff's consistently warm concern for the "sheep that are not of this fold" is one more reflection of his ardent desire for justice, peace and security for all peoples.

In his current Christmas message the Holy Father returns to what he calls "the ever-acute question of peace." He sets before the world a prospect of the unspeakable devastation that will ensue if the nations wage war with nuclear weapons: "entire cities, even the largest and the richest in art and history, wiped out; a pall of death over the pulverized ruins, covering countless victims with limbs burned, twisted and scattered, while others groan in their death agony. Meanwhile the specter of the radioactive cloud hinders the survivors from giving any help, and inexorably advances to snuff out any remaining life. There will be no song of victory, only the inconsolable weeping of humanity, which in desolation will gaze upon the catastrophe brought on by its own folly."

In order to avoid such a cataclysm the Pope emphasizes the need for preventing the outbreak of war itself by eliminating or diminishing (with time) the causes of contention between the nations. But the passages that have aroused the greatest hopes on both sides of the Iron Curtain comprised Pius XII's three-fold proposal of nuclear disarmament—a program which, in fact, conflicts with present defense preparations of the United States. The important factor is that all three steps would have to be agreed upon.

Pius XII believes that further tests of nuclear weapons should be banned by international agreement because of the dangers to various peoples from the increased radioactivity which would result. This ban would apply principally to this country and the Soviet Union, although several other nations are now working on their own atomic weapons.

Coupled with the banning of such further experiments would be both international conventions at which recourse to such weapons would be renounced, regardless of the provocation, and agreement by all States to subject themselves to effective international armament control. In the case of the latter the Pope would recommend both aerial inspection of the type proposed by President Eisenhower and (this was advanced rather tentatively) the setting up of observation posts manned by experts from various nations and equipped with effective means of detection, optical, electrical and chemical. Such a combination would not be wholly foolproof, but it should ensure a certain real measure of control of many of the nuclear weapon activities which are to be outlawed. It would go a long way toward protecting mankind from wholesale destruction.

FOR Americans it is difficult to think of the nuclear weapon problem outside the context of the defense of the free world against Communist aggression. In this message Pius XII takes issue with "indiscriminate coexistence" and warns of the gains Communism can make because of the sins and negligence of the colonial powers. He also vigorously rejects the idea that Communism is an inevitable stage in human history.

But the Sovereign Pontiff goes on to issue a pregnant warning that is characteristic of his approach to the present life-and-death struggle in the world. "We again warn the Christian of the industrial age, in the spirit of our immediate predecessors in the supreme pastoral and teaching office, against being satisfied with an anti-Communism founded on the slogan, and the defense of a liberty which is devoid of content; rather we urge them to build up a society in which man's

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security rests on that moral order of which we have very often set forth the need and the consequences, and which has regard for true human nature. If, therefore, Christians unite to this end in various institutions and organizations, they are setting before themselves no other objective save the service willed by God for the benefit of the world."

TIME MAY HAVE A STOP

NOT long ago the *United Nations News*, an unofficial British journal, ironically suggested that more would be accomplished in the United Nations Assembly if the speakers would do less talking. The suggestion, startling in its unorthodox simplicity, was eagerly picked up and developed by the London ***Economist.***

We have accepted too complacently, the *Economist* says, the fact that for several months every year the Assembly labors—and brings forth a mountain of reports that will go forever unread. It produces so many that no one looks at any. To achieve brevity which would cure such verbal dropsy, each delegation should be given a limited amount of time to speak. After that they could be charged for time on a rapidly ascending scale. With such a scheme the speeches would be short and—it is hoped—pithy. The alternative is an increasing burden of words and reports that will receive less and less attention. The suggestion may be breath-taking, but we think most people will recover their breath before they hear a better scheme.

NEXT WEEK

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, writing about the status of the Negro voter in the South, describes the problem of registering to vote in Virginia.

"In those rare instances where the identity and location of the registrar can be ascertained without an exhausting and prolonged search, the registrar sometimes turns out to be a woman. The spectacle of Negroes prowling around a white woman's home for the plausible purpose of trying to exercise a constitutional right is so abhorrent and repugnant to the traditional Southern way of life that no living Negro, to my knowledge, has thus far deemed it either prudent or practical to challenge a cultural lag that is considered by white people to be obviously in the best interests of both races."

MAURIAC AND FRENCH POLITICS

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC has achieved the near impossible: he has raised the general temperature of traditionally heated French political debate by several degrees. And he has started a controversy that has swept from France to Rome and back again.

A short time ago, M. Mauriac left *Le Figaro*, France's leading Conservative newspaper, to write for *L'Express*, the journal of M. Mendès-France. His defection—as many termed it—was lamented by some of his old admirers, but he won the attention of a new generation of readers. Recently he has been receiving letters from many young Catholic readers who ask if they must vote for reactionary groups in the National Assembly merely because they support State subsidies to Catholic schools. The question of such aid has long aroused strong partisan feelings in France; it has served to separate sharply party from party. The M.R.P., the major Catholic party and that which François Mauriac has usually supported, favors such aid. The anti-clerical Socialists and Radicals are as one in bitter opposition to the subsidies. Reaction to the question can thus be readily predicted, for it corresponds closely to party allegiance.

But François Mauriac, in his article entitled "Catholics before the Election," gave an unexpected and shattering reply to the Catholics who questioned him. "You do not have the right to make a vote which engages the destiny of France and the peace of a world depend on a controversy around the school. . . . The important thing is not that our ministers go to Mass, but that they restore the State and serve justice obediently. . . . Search for the Kingdom of God and its justice; where there is justice there is the Kingdom of God."

The issue thus drawn, R. P. Guissard of *La Croix* took up the cudgels of debate and rapped M. Mauriac sharply about the head, accusing him of sophistry and of relinquishing major objectives for fear of offending certain elements of the Left. The Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, ridiculed the "half-prophetic, half-apocalyptic" style of M. Mauriac and suggested that he had forgotten how often justice had been offended and charity violated in the name of laicism. Catholics cannot, the paper said, support declared enemies of their faith and of all religion.

Unabashed, M. Mauriac returned to the fray with all the polemic skill of a past master and the passion of offended conviction. He wrote in *L'Express* that charity and justice were not, of course, the exclusive property of the Left. But French politics had been controlled for the last

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five years mainly by members of the Right. And he read a roll call of Madagascar, Indochina, Tunisia, and Morocco, where, he said, the Christian conscience had been mortally offended. He did not accuse the M.R.P. but the "most wicked of political systems" of which it was the result. Nevertheless, said M. Mauriac, he was commanded by charity to lend political support to those who condemned such abuses. And he reminded his readers that M. Mendès-France had not spoken against religious measures and that he had been given an audience with the Pope.

La Vie Intellectuelle gave tacit support to M. Mauriac when it said that laicity should not become the issue. Cardinal Feltin urged only that people vote, and Cardinal Liénart of Lille that people spend their votes wisely. It is difficult at this time to assess the consequences of the debate, particularly since M. Mendès-France has rejected a Communist offer and the M.R.P. has suggested a post-election coalition. Some results will become evident in the discussion and voting of the new National Assembly which was recently elected. But M. Mauriac has forced issues and raised passions that will not be laid to rest by any election in the near future.

MR. NEHRU ON COMMUNISM

IN addressing a mass meeting in southern India recently, Prime Minister Nehru declared that Indian Communists were "reactionaries whose only revolution consists of copying other countries, regardless of local conditions." Mr. Nehru then described international Communism as being, in effect, a massive anachronism, whereas "what the world needs in the atomic age today is something dynamic and revolutionary."

The importance of Mr. Nehru's analysis of Communism lies not in its originality, but in the fact that it states a truth which is now heard but rarely in the councils of the West. Indeed, the deeply tragic irony of our present crisis lies in the fact that even so responsible a statesman as Prime Minister Nehru does not turn hopefully to the West to find that "something dynamic and revolutionary" for which he pleads. The real reactionaries, the Communists, have succeeded too often in passing themselves off as revolutionaries, while the real revolutionaries, the men of the West, have insisted on acting too often like reactionaries.

The truly revolutionary view of man as a being possessed of individual dignity and worth, the revolutionary ideals of justice and liberty—these are the heritage of the West, not of Communism.

It is Western civilization which honors the prophet, the reformer, the saint, because these have made society in the West the most dynamic and adventuresome the world has ever known. It is Communism which honors the tyrant who works his will through purges, mass exile and mass murder because his view of man is as old as Cheops, who built his pyramids on the bones of slaves.

And in fighting this obscene, anachronistic view of man, which puts property above humanity and the State above the individual, the Western powers have often acted like materialists and despots, endlessly concerned with living standards and relinquishing a grip on dependent peoples only after their fingers were pried loose. Wherever it has not been imposed by force, Communism owes its strength to the weakness of the West, to the vulnerability of what it attacks rather than to the essential attractiveness of what it promises.

The task which confronts the Western powers is essentially one of rediscovering and revitalizing our revolutionary ideals of justice and liberty. This task is as arduous as it is necessary, as the great voices of our prophets, reformers and saints have always reminded the men of the West.

Every extension of economic aid to the depressed areas of the world, every act which asserts that justice transcends race or class, every widening of social and economic opportunity, every act prompted by international good-will, is evidence to the world that the truly dynamic and revolutionary idea for which Mr. Nehru pleaded is still the precious possession of the West.

And the Western powers may be sure that Communism will continue to function, in Barbara Ward's phrase, as "the conscience of the West." Every pretension and false claim we make will be relentlessly exposed; every act of injustice and tyranny will be fed into the Communists' propaganda machine and made known to the world. In this way, at least, we shall be spared the blindness of smugness and self-complacency—a blindness against which we have also been warned often by the voices of the reformer and saint in our Western tradition.

ENSLAVED PEOPLES

FOR five consecutive years the Catholics of the U. S. have set aside a special day of prayer for the millions of people suffering religious persecution in those areas of the world that have been overrun by Communism.

Such an observance constitutes an appeal to the conscience, not only of American Catholics,

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but to that of the entire nation. The U. S. cannot forget or ignore the fact that, no matter what overtures or concessions Communism may offer in the future, they are subjecting to religious oppression more than sixty million Roman Catholics.

Under present circumstances, the U. S. cannot even hope to effect the physical liberation of these and similarly enslaved peoples. But it can and should protest, even to the point of monotony, against the fact of their enslavement and persecution.

Making much of this point was deemed to be inadvisable at the Summit Meeting in July. But surely we need have no such scruples now, and should consistently and constantly use every available forum to brand this action of international Communism for what it actually is—a crime against humanity.

THE JOURNAL OF OPINION

MANY magazines—possibly, in the United States at least, most magazines—publish only articles with which the editors agree. This is true even of magazines which consider themselves journals of opinion. Perhaps, under certain circumstances, a good case can be made for such a policy. But this is not the rule at The Commonweal—a fact we would have thought obvious to anyone after even a few months' reading. Nevertheless, we regularly receive letters which take us to task, one week for "being taken in" by the liberals, the next week for "going conservative" —all because that particular week we happened to publish an article with a "liberal" or a "conservative" point of view. It therefore seems worthwhile to repeat the magazine's basic position in this matter.

When the editors say "journal of opinion," we do not mean only our own opinion. The emphasis in The Commonweal is primarily on the temporal order. We are concerned with literature, the arts, and public affairs. In the areas of prudential judgment, artistic, social and political, with which we are most concerned, no editor can properly claim infallibility. Certainly, we have no inclination to make such a claim. For that reason we regularly publish articles with which the editors heartily disagree, provided that they are, from the point of view of execution, of sufficient quality and, from the point of view of content, marked by honesty and responsibility.

Thus a few weeks ago in our pages William V. Shannon wrote about Harry S. Truman. Political labels are always dangerous, and in a discussion like this perhaps particularly so, but Mr. Shannon would very likely be dubbed by most people a "liberal." In the article in question he was, in our opinion, too hard on Mr. Truman. The points he raised, however, were certainly debatable, and we published his article gladly, and we like to think that both the editors and our readers profited from it. As we expected, many people have since the publication of that article come to Mr. Truman's defense; others, however, have criticized, not specific points in the article, but the editors for having "fallen for" a reactionary attack on a Democratic President.

Again, in this issue we publish an article by Russell Kirk, who would be classified, by himself and others, as a "conservative." Mr. Kirk has appeared in our pages several times in the past, and he will, we hope, appear again in the future. Yet regular readers of The Commonweal undoubtedly realize not only the extent to which we agree with Mr. Kirk but the large extent to which we disagree. In his current article, for example, although there is obviously much with which we agree, Mr. Kirk says: "Every right is married to a duty; every freedom owns a corresponding duty. . . ." Philosophically, this statement is beyond reproach; but this, it seems to us, is the point; although cited with more and more frequency in current political debate, it remains primarily a philosophical rather than a political concept, having little to do with the real context of the political situation in which we find ourselves. In the hands of men less discerning than Mr. Kirk, we think, the "no rights without duties" approach to politics can bring all kinds of political disaster in its wake, and for this reason, if for no other, a man's legal right to practice what he has no moral right to claim must today be vigorously protected on purely practical grounds.

These, then, are typical of some of the reflections and reservations aroused in the editors by Mr. Shannon's article, on the one hand, and by Mr. Kirk's, on the other. We agreed completely with neither one. But both articles were, to us, interesting and thought-provoking, and we published them with the expectation that our readers would find them equally so. And this appearance within the space of a few weeks of two articles written by men of diverse viewpoints illustrates a basic point: The Commonweal is a journal of opinion, a forum for the discussion of public issues. It will continue to publish articles representing a variety of viewpoints, not always because the editors agree with them or think most of our readers will, but to promote thought and discussion on matters of abiding importance.

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Conditions of Freedom

"IN ASSERTING FREEDOM AS AN ABSOLUTE, SOMEHOW DIVORCED FROM ORDER, WE ARE REPUDIATING OUR HISTORIC LEGACY OF FREEDOM"

RUSSELL KIRK

"ORDERS and degrees," Milton says, "jar not with liberty, but well consist." My thesis here is that freedom, in the modern world, is increasingly endangered: the freedom of the few, and also, in the long run, the freedom of the many. And I believe that we shall be unable to maintain any successful defense of our freedoms until we recognize once more those principles of order under which freedom in our tradition—the body of rights and privileges acquired gradually through many centuries of English and American social experience—acquired real meaning. Every right is married to a duty; every freedom owns a corresponding responsibility; and there cannot be genuine freedom unless there is also genuine order in the moral realm and the social realm.

Order, in the moral realm, is the realization of a body of transcendent values—indeed, a hierarchy of values—which give purpose to existence and motive to conduct. Order, in society, is the harmonious arrangement of classes and functions which guards justice and gives willing consent to law and ensures that we all shall be safe together. Although there cannot be freedom without order, in some sense there is always a conflict between the claims of order and the claims of freedom. We often express this conflict as the competition between the desire for liberty and the desire for security.

Although modern technological revolution and modern mass-democracy have made this struggle more intense, there is nothing new about it in essence. President Washington remarked that "individuals entering into a society must give up a share of their liberty to preserve the rest." But doctrinaires of one ideology or another, in our time, continue to cry out for absolute security, absolute order, or for absolute freedom, power to assert the ego in defiance of all convention. At the moment, this fanatic debate may be particularly well discerned in the intemperate argument over academic freedom. I feel that in asserting freedom as an absolute, somehow divorced from order, we are repudiating our historic legacy of freedom and exposing ourselves to the danger of absolutism, whether that absolutism be what Tocqueville calls "democratic despotism" or what recently existed in Germany and now exists in Russia. "To begin with unlimited freedom," Dostoevski writes in *The Devils,* "is to end with unlimited despotism."

A WISE and witty editor, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, in a talk called "Farewell to Freedom?" expressed the peril more eloquently than I can. He spoke with immediate reference to British society, but added that the same influences are at work throughout our world:

> A recurrent nightmare, with me, is that in our inimitable English way we are allowing a servile State to come to pass of itself without our noticing it; that one morning I shall wake up and find that, with the Monarchy still extant, Honourable and Right Honourable Members still meeting in Westminster, the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian,* the *New Statesman* and the *Spectator* and *Punch* still regularly appearing, the cricket still being played at Lords, and the B.B.C. still providing its daily offering from 'Bright and Early' to 'Good-night, everyone, good-night,' we have nevertheless become a totalitarian society. In this nightmare it seems clear that all the faceless men, the men without opinions, have been posted in key positions for a bloodless take-over, and that no one is prepared to join a Resistance Movement in defense of freedom because no one remembers what freedom means. The walls of Jericho fell down, not because the trumpet blast was strong, but because the walls themselves were crumbling. People, that is to say, are never enslaved unless they have become slaves already. They swim into the Great Leviathan's mouth. He does not need to chase them.

Mr. Kirk, author of *The Conservative Mind,* is the editor of the forthcoming journal, *The Conservative Review.*

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MR. E. H. CARR, in his *New Society*, argues that although "freedom for the few" is diminishing in our world, nevertheless "freedom for the many" is increasing. But he is unable to define "freedom for the many"; he seems to mean, really, "material prosperity for the many." Now material prosperity, pure economic "security," is not the same thing as either freedom or order. Nor is it the same thing as happiness. An Athenian slave might be more comfortable than many freemen, but he was not free, nor did he truly participate in the Athenian order.

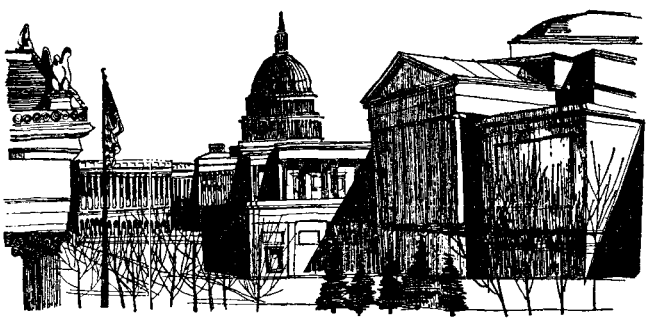
It is quite possible that the man who desires freedom and the rights of order must be prepared to sacrifice certain security. A slave, in Aristotle's definition, is a being who allows others to make his choices for him. It is quite possible for a man, in ancient or modern times, to be materially prosperous, and freed from the necessity of choice, and yet servile. It is also possible that he may suffer no outrageous oppression. But he must always lack one thing, this servile man, and that is true manhood, the dignity of man. He remains a child; he never comes into man's birthright, which is the pleasure and the pain of making one's own choices.

Some of these problems of freedom upon which I have touched are examined by John Stuart Mill in his *On Liberty*. There is value in that essay; but I think that there is also weakness in it, and danger; and the current revival of the doctrines of Mill in some quarters, amounting almost to adulation, tends to confuse the whole discussion of this problem. We are living in the twentieth century, not in the nineteenth, and we now perceive vast difficulties which Mill ignored. Yet Professor Commager informs us that "we cannot too often repair to John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*," and implies that this essay is, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, immutable. A far more perceptive thinker than Mr. Commager—Mr. David Riesman—shares in this adulation of Mill, and is almost John Stuart Mill *redivivus*. Yet, as M. Bertrand de Jouvenel observes ("A Discussion of Freedom," *Cambridge Journal*, September, 1953), Mill was unaware of any real difficulty in defining "liberty," though Cicero saw the necessity for distinguishing between *libido* and *voluntas*. To Mill, "liberty" might mean "doing as we liked," or "pursuing our own good in our own way," or acting "according to [our] own inclination and judgment."

Nevertheless, Mill's *On Liberty* at present is being employed very interestingly by persons who pretend to believe in an absolute freedom which no society ever has been able to tolerate—and that in an age which requires the highest degree of order and cooperation, when "the great wheel of circulation" upon which our economy and our physical security depend necessarily is more to us than ever before. Some of these persons—curiously archaic in their opinions, although they pride themselves upon their modernity—are old-fangled Benthamite liberals, dedicated to "rugged individualism" in the era of the atomic pile; others (and these more ominous, probably) are the new-fangled collectivistic liberals, desirous of receiving everything from the state, but insistent that they owe the state nothing in return—not even loyalty. John Milton knew such gentlemen three centuries ago:

> "This is got by casting pearls to hogs;
> That bawl for *freedom* in their senseless mood,
> And still revolt when truth would set them free.
> License they mean when they cry *liberty;*
> For who loves that, must first be wise and good."

MY general argument is this: liberty, prescriptive freedom as we Americans know it, cannot endure without order. Our constitutions were established that order might make true freedom possible. For all our American talk of private judgment, dissent,



and individualism, still our national character has the stamp of a respect for order almost superstitious in its power: respect for the moral traditions inculcated by our religion, and for the prescriptive political forms which we, more than any other people in the world, have maintained little altered in this time when Whirl is king of most of the universe. I think that we would do a most terrible mischief to our freedoms if we ceased to respect our established order and began, instead, to run after an abstract, Jacobin *liberté*—in this age of the triumph of technology, of all times.

What is lacking in the thought of Mill and his modern disciples, it seems to me, is any real understanding of the principle of order. First, any coherent and beneficial freedom must have the sanction of moral order: it must accord with principles, religious in origin, that establish a hierarchy of values and set bounds to the ego. Second, any coherent and beneficial freedom must have the check of social order: it must accord with a rule of law, regular in its operation, that recognizes and enforces prescriptive rights, protects minorities against majorities and majorities against minorities, and gives some mean-

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ing to the idea of human dignity. *Freedom* as an abstraction is the liberty in whose name crimes are committed. Freedom, as realized in the prescriptive, separate, limited, balanced, well-defined rights of persons and groups, operating within a state governed by moral principle, is the quality which makes it possible for men to become truly human.

I am rather embarrassed at saying these things, for they have been said often before, and a great mass of historical evidence supports them. But every great question has to be argued afresh in every generation, and first principles have to be declared over and over again. Truly, we learn from history that we learn nothing from history.

WHEN most people use the word "freedom" nowadays, they use it in the sense of the French Revolutionaries: freedom from tradition, from established social institutions, from religious doctrines, from prescriptive duties. I think that this employment of the word does much mischief. For we do not live in an age—and there are such ages—which is oppressed by the dead weight of archaic establishments and obsolete custom. The danger in our era, rather, is that the fountains of the great deep will be broken up and that the pace of alteration will be so rapid that generation cannot link with generation. Our era, necessarily, is what Matthew Arnold called an epoch of concentration. Or, at least, the thinking American needs to turn his talents to concentration, the buttressing and reconstruction of our moral and social heritage. This is a time not for anarchic freedom, but for ordered freedom.

There are much older and stronger concepts of freedom than that espoused by the French Revolutionaries. In the Christian tradition, freedom is submission to the will of God. This is no paradox. As he that would save his life must lose it, so the man who desires true freedom must recognize a Providential order which gives all freedoms their sanction. The theory of "natural rights" depends upon the premise of an unalterable human nature bestowed upon man by God. Only acceptance of a divine order can give enduring freedom to a society; for this lacking, there is no reason why the strong and the clever, the dominant majority or the successful oligarch, should respect the liberties of anyone else. Freedom without the theory of natural rights becomes simply the freedom of those who hold power to do as they like with the lives of those whose interests conflict with theirs.

And in the Christian tradition, as in the Judaic tradition and the Stoic philosophy and the religions of India, there subsists also the belief that freedom is the absence of desire. Not to lust after the things of this world, or after power, or after fame: this is true freedom, the freedom of Stilbo confronting the Macedonian tyrant, or of Socrates before the Athenian assembly. This is the freedom of Diogenes asking Alexander to stand out of the sun. The man who has made his peace with the universe is free, however poor he may be; the man who seeks always to gratify his appetites is servile, however rich he may be.

We live in an age which, for good or ill, has come to depend upon the highest degree of cooperation and discipline ever known to civilization. Our economy, our political structure, our very physical existence could not abide for twenty-four hours the triumph of the "absolute liberty" which Lamartine and other enthusiasts of the nineteenth century preached. Our problem is how to reconcile respect for true human dignity, personality, with the demands of social cooperation. And that is a most difficult problem.

Very few people really are interested in true freedom, in any era; most folk always go for security, secular conformity, and enforced routine, at the price of independence. But the freedom of the few who really deserve freedom—and they are fewer in our time than ever they were before, I am inclined to believe—is infinitely precious; and in the long run, the security and contentment of the whole of humanity depend upon the survival of that freedom for a few.

The great danger just now is that, in the name of general security, we shall neglect altogether the claims of the minority who need and deserve freedom. We seem bent upon establishing a universal equalitarian domination which will call itself free and democratic, but which will have made existence almost impossible for those natures that seek to obey the will of God and to abjure desire.

AN APPEAL

The Salesian Fathers seek to enlarge their boys' home for technical training in Bangkok and to institute an agricultural program in Thailand. Bangkok itself is a city of thousands of abandoned youths. Its Don Bosco technical school and orphanage now accommodates 125 boys between twelve and eighteen; the six-year course includes woodworking, machine shop, tailoring, printing, with music, painting and languages as well. Because of lack of space hundreds of other needy, deserving boys have had to be turned away.

The proposed agricultural school would house between 300 to 400 boarding students. Each graduate would be given a plot of land for his own use which he would be expected to clear and cultivate. Eventually new rural communities are to be set up. Donations for these purposes may be forwarded to Salesian Missions, 148 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Darkness Over the Land

NED O'GORMAN

ONE of the most agonizing tasks a man of vision and charity can be called to perform in society is the task of the politician. He must move among peoples charged with emotion, in lands wherein the wish for survival turns many into oppressors, and the oppressed into the hunted. He must believe in love when everywhere there is violence; he must respect life and continue to hope for the world even when other men would destroy both. He must look on the face of the earth and believe that sometime the earth will be a better place. He must speak of almsgiving to the glutton; of gentleness to the omnipotent state; of hope to the despairing; of endurance to the near-dead. He will speak from his longing that men love one another. He will walk in the fire of absurdity and endless struggle for the good of the thirsty men lingering beyond the flames.

Since the middle of the seventeenth century the black tribes of South Africa had seen the invasion of the white man: the Dutch, the English, the German, the Belgian, the Portuguese. They had taken the land, destroyed peace and forced the black man to haul their water and hew their wood. Forests and valleys that had been his for so many years were turned against him, and year after year the "homeland" became his greatest sorrow.

In Southwest Africa, an area the size of France, the results of colonialism are grim and terrible. In 1884 Germany declared that country a protectorate, and by the middle of the twentieth century the peoples of that land had lost their homes, their cattle, their freedom; now they face the very loss of their lives. At the conclusion of the first world war Southwest Africa was placed under the mandate system of the League of Nations and entrusted to Britain for the Union of South Africa. The history of those peoples, the Herero, the Hottentot, the Berg-Damara, the Ovambo and the Bushman, from the moment they were received into the Union of South Africa, is the story of a catastrophe that had been prepared for by the events of three hundred years.

The Union tried to get the Southwest incorporated into its political system, but this attempt was rejected by both the League of Nations and the United Nations. It was a mandate territory and, as such, had recourse to the great governing bodies, but in 1948 Prime Minister Malan terminated that status and said, "We no longer recognize the existence of the Mandate." By an act of a white parliament the door to life was nearly closed. A darkness had fallen over a lonely, besieged, and hungry people. Mr. Malan moved with deliberate savagery to enforce his doctrine of *apartheid,* which means that the black men will be destroyed, if need be, to insure the white man's domination.

Millions of natives were moved from their lands onto reserves, as at Windhoek and Tobruk, where along unlit, unpoliced streets, stinking of overflowing latrines and crowded with tin huts, thousands of men, women and children lived, working for the white man at unbelievably low wages, receiving a mediocre, *apartheid* education. The infant mortality rate is anywhere from 150 to 700 per thousand. The Mandatory power had bombed the Bondelswartz tribe, the Herero windmills had been destroyed, their homes and gardens burned, their herds confiscated. The Berg-Damara people built dams and wells with their own money, but were driven out when the white man arrived. Because the reserves are overcrowded the land goes bad, crops grow weaker and weaker, the people grow inefficient.

There are many ways to die, and each native dies a thousand deaths. His land seems held in an iron grip, tight in the hands of the white men, and a man dies a little when his lands are taken from him. His tribal life, that was so close to the earth, is destroyed when it must function within a stinking and ugly reserve. A man dies a little when his past is taken from him; his family grows tired of life, hope can nowhere be found, and life becomes an eternity of service to men who will do everything to keep the black man safely weak.

But the most sorrowful thing is the thought that the world may lose such a beautiful and ancient people through what may well be called a mass crucifixion. The South of Africa is moving in the measure of the Nazi who sacrificed six million Jews to the pride of a race.

THERE is, at the disposal of the United Nations, unlimited wealth, and there are committees with real power to help lands in danger of sickness, ignorance or hunger. Procedurally, aid for Southwest Africa must come from the Union of South Africa, but Prime

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Minister Malan has declared the land of the Southwest no longer under a mandate. What does the world do when part of the world has been made to disappear? We are witnessing the disappearance of a race, and with it part of the world will die.

There is dire need for hospitalization, water conservation, livestock-disease control, education, and food. Through FAO and UNICEF this aid has been supplied to Ethiopia, the French Cameroons, Pakistan and Libya. But aid will not get to Southwest Africa, for it is felt that if the Union asks for aid they will at once be lying, since they have denied the mandate system, and facing a loss of pride, since they would be admitting, in effect, that things in the Southwest were far from well.

Father Michael Scott, of the Anglican Diocese of Chichester, went to South Africa in 1943 and saw that everything upon the face of that land was going badly. He immediately became the vital and vocal champion of the oppressed natives. If the door to life has been nearly closed to the Black Tribes, the part that is open is held open with the strength of a lion, and perhaps Michael Scott will roar so loudly that the hearts of men in the great assemblies will hear and perhaps act.

For nine years he has been coming to the United Nations as the elected representative of the Herero people, to plead that the natives themselves be allowed to come to plead their case. For nine years he has come, and for nine years nothing has happened.

I have watched Father Scott speak to the Fourth Committee of the United Nations. He has spoken softly, without hate, without despair. But he has not spoken without the anger of the witness who must stand by and walk softly so that men will be awakened to a debacle of race destruction. The whole committee knew the tales of horror that made him travel so far; they knew that the way to the United Nations was a journey from one darkness to another. Life at the United Nations is often bound up tight in a labyrinth of legal procedure. Michael Scott wages a war against legalism so that the heart of a tribunal might erupt with charity.

People laughed at him when he insisted that capitalism should not stand in the way of his people's happiness; they talked him blue with theory, and dismayed him with questions of action wherein "action" meant suffering and patience, not a revolution seeking justice. He has spoken of a "technology of Christ," of the Incarnation as the presence of eternity in time, of the presence of eternal love in a world of hate. He has spoken of freeing slaves to people who doubted that slaves should be freed, for, they said, "it may not be God's plan."

But during all the talk another sound came through the walls, another group came and gathered among us who were speaking of the future of a desolate people. The Black Tribes with the beautiful faces of the ancient race came to my mind and I was ashamed of the legal meetings, of the quiescent Christian, of the Mississippi murders, of the pride of the white peoples of the world.

Michael Scott, of course, knows that pride, and has suffered because of it. Because he joined a passive resistance group, because he spoke with defiance against a rotten law, because he walked miles in the dark and accepted the insolence of the press, in 1952 the Malan government declared him a "prohibited immigrant" and issued orders to all immigration officers that he must not set foot in South Africa, even though he is a South African citizen. He is a witness to the planned, open, unchecked annihilation of millions of human beings; that is his real crime.

Michael Scott's life is in a way a testament to one methodology of action: the science of work. His life, like the life of his people, has been a great trek, moving when he has been stopped, talking when he has been gagged, pleading when he has been told "no appeal," seeking when the goal seemed destroyed, standing still when it would have been wise to run. He stands as witness to a truth that most of the world will not face.

THE DOUBLE

I did not choose this road: the crack
Of birth discovered me upon my way
Following in all weathers my own mirror.

The man who walks before me wears my shape,
Gloves myself's fingers, bitten to the quick,
Stoops my shoulders, twists my limp.

The man who walks before me does not turn,
I can draw near, but not beside him:
His face I cannot see, but it is mine.

Along the road that never doubles back
Wending to an end beyond my sight
My double walks before me, and I move

Through shades of others, crying for release,
Clutch crazily as they drift past,
Father and brother, wife and son.

Held to my bloodless line I follow
Until the day he turn his head,
My own face, strange, familiar, stare,

The road end, and I die with dread, or joy.

JOSEPH P. CLANCY.

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"Catholic Plot" Down Under

WILFRID SHEED

WHEN Soviet diplomat Vladimir Petrov decided to choose freedom and the Australian way of life early in 1954, he unwittingly but automatically became a profoundly significant figure in Australian domestic politics. For reasons which Mr. Petrov could hardly have been expected to anticipate, his break with Communism did much to cause a serious schism in one of Australia's two major political parties, so much so that Australia is temporarily, at least, a one-party country—or to be more precise, a country with one big party and two little ones. The whole story serves as a rather curious example of what can happen to a nation when the noise under the bed turns out to be a real Communist.

In normal times, Australia rejoices in two parties, very even in strength. There is a Liberal party (just recently returned to power in a minor landslide), which would probably be called a conservative party if conservative were not a dubious word to use in Australia, which prides itself on being a young, go-ahead nation. The Liberal party is allied with a thing called the "country party," which represents rural conservatism and does not even pretend to be liberal. Together they make a fairly stately pair.

The other major party is the Labor party, and this also is divided (though not openly) into two sections, which turn out to be variations on those two old standbys, the "Catholic conspiracy" and the international labor movement, or at least local variations of the two, which might not be recognized elsewhere. For years this alliance had been an uneasy partnership, as might be expected, but by various compromises it had managed to keep together somehow, on a principle of mutual dependence. But the Communist issue, highlighted by the Petrov case, proved too much of a strain for the delicate friendship and the party split wide open, amid cries of "Fascist," "Communist," and, most deadly of all, "well-intentioned dupe."

The trouble was that it really had been possible to be any one of those three things and still be a good Labor man. The Labor party, straining at the seams to include every vote-getting element, had wound up with a pair of wings fantastically far apart.

To understand this remarkable situation, it is necessary first to realize several fundamental things. In Australia, as in England, there is a large body of people, toughened by the depression and by a tradition of hardship, which invariably votes for the word "Labor," no matter what Labor happens to stand for at the time. And although the theorizing of this body of voters is vague (e.g., nobody seems to be able to make out whether Australian workers favor nationalization or not), they are none the less ardent advocates of the "labor movement." Perhaps nobody would agree about what the "labor movement" is, but it is certain that no candidate, whatever his platform, could hope to win the working vote unless he espoused it; and it is significant that both factions in the tattered Labor Party still claim the name "Labor," and insist that they alone are the true heirs to the nebulous traditions of the old party.

THIS loyalty to the "labor movement" started out as a genuine solidarity of workers in the cause of unionism—the solidarity which takes sympathy-striking as a matter of course. By now, unionism has triumphed in Australia to such an extent that the workers need a party less than the depressed middle-classes do, but much of this solidarity remains. Nonetheless, this feeling that the workers must unite or die has spread to the politicians who represent them, and nothing but the strongest pressure from outside could break through this solidarity. Just before the split in the party one heard rumors of feverish meetings behind the scenes, devoted to papering over the cracks, and when it was too late to go on doing that, the most venomous charge hurled by one schismatic at another, more bitter even than "Fascist" or "Communist," was one of subverting the movement and undermining the unity of the party.

In this respect, the split in Australia bears much resemblance to the Attlee-Bevan tangle in England. In each case, doctrinaire socialists, mild liberals, and plain good fellows had flocked to the banners of Labor at one time or another; all that was required of them was a reasonable facsimile of the common touch, and sometimes even that could be dispensed with. In each country, the Labor party, fighting for its political life, welcomed them all, hoping nervously that they would settle their differences later, once they were settled in the party. But Australia had to face one problem which no English politician would

Mr. Sheed, a free-lance writer, is now in the United States after an extended stay in Australia.

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allow to faze him for a moment—religion, the thing which so many Englishmen consider too sacred to discuss.

THE reason for the problem is simple enough. A large section of the Australian working-class is Catholic, much too large a section to be ignored. Rabid socialists and near-Marxists must make their peace with this section, if they hope to lead the Labor party. When the Labor party came to power at the end of the war, its socialism was cautious, in fact almost unnoticeable; this was at least partly attributable to a permanent right-wing in the party. In the hubbub this past year Dr. Evatt, the leader of the party, was shouting that these right-wingers were not in sympathy with the labor movement, which may have been true; but they had been in the party for a long time, and their viewpoint had been around as long as Dr. Evatt's.

The implication of Evatt's charge was that the right wingers were outsiders (presumably equipped with instructions from Rome), wilfully corrupting his party. Consequently, in the past few months a tremendous wave of sectarianism (described by the Sydney *Morning Herald* as a polite word for anti-Catholicism) has washed over Australian politics. Although politicians have been understandably reluctant to attack the Church openly, terribly virulent letters have appeared in all the big papers, tearing into the "Roman conspiracy in the Labor party," written by private citizens who have taken the hint from Dr. Evatt.

How did all this happen? If my diagnosis is right, it all goes back to the end of the war. Previous to 1939, Australia had tended to regard itself as a large, boisterous adjunct of the British Isles. Even now, most of her foreign news, including Asian items, comes direct from London—and there is still precious little of it at that. The arrival of a few Japanese soldiers on the mainland during the war, and the discovery of a Japanese submarine in Sydney harbor, were considered portents by at least a few Australians, who suddenly made an agonizing reappraisal of their own and realized that they were in Asia and not in Europe.

The average Australian, I think it is fair to say, has not made the necessary reappraisal. Mr. R. G. Casey, Australia's current Foreign Minister, keeps a map of Asia behind his desk; he told me that he finds it helpful to remind visitors exactly where Australia is located, before going on to discuss matters of foreign policy. The bulk of the public, which does not get to visit Mr. Casey, receives no such reminder: most of Australia's papers are insular in spirit as well as matter, and very few of the nation's politicians have done much to fill the gap. The populace, virtually nine million Europeans who are placed on the edge of a turbulent continent they do not understand, seem quite willing to ignore their neighbors and live for the moment.

ANOTHER Australian who keeps a map of Asia behind his desk is a certain Melbourne lawyer named Bartolomeo Santamaria, and his part in the recent happenings in the Labor party is large. For months before the recent elections, Dr. Evatt had been accusing him of conspiracy and power drives and, yes, disrespect for the labor movement. Until Dr. Evatt attacked him, hardly anybody had ever heard of him, but he turned out to be some people's idea of a succulent villain all the same: a mysterious Italian (admittedly not by birth), reputedly tied in with the Catholic hierarchy, taking over the Labor party by stealth under the dastardly guise of anti-Communism. People so minded talked privately of the Mafia, cloak and dagger, and dark doings in the Vatican.

In spite of all the sinister accusations leveled at Santamaria, his prime concern has always been with the threat from Asia. Ever since the war, he has been predicting some sort of invasion from Asia (not necessarily a Communist one) within a few years. To guard against what he thinks of as a permanent threat, Mr. Santamaria has worked out an involved program, which includes a breakdown of the "White Australia" policy, (a policy excluding colored immigrants) and a back-to-the-land movement, intended to correct the distorted distribution of current population; but these things are only of indirect significance here. The thing that started all the trouble was his work in regard to the unions.

Immediately after the war, many of the major Australian unions were Communist-dominated. The balloting for union-officials was not secret, and there was much talk of intimidation of members; certainly there were a surprising number of lead-pipes and broken bottles about, even for the casual Australian scene. According to Santamaria (and I do not believe any of his enemies have denied it), he was asked by the leaders of the Labor party to organize a counter-force to dispute the union-leadership with the Communists. He did so, and with astounding success. Once again people talked of lead-pipes and intimidation, but Santamaria stoutly denies that such things were necessary: organization and determination, he says, were sufficient.

MOST Labor leaders are agreed that Santamaria did a fine job in routing the Communists. But many of them thought, even as far back in 1947, that he ought to put up his sword and return to his

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farm like Cincinnatus. (Santamaria doubles as secretary of the Catholic Rural Movement.)

Santamaria thought otherwise—after all, he was still expecting an Asian invasion any minute, and he was determined to consolidate his position. Besides, he was bubbling with ideas about social justice and Christian economics. So the Labor politicians sat by with some apprehension, while Santamaria maintained his hold on the unions and taught his followers the papal encyclicals together with some ideas of his own. His "Industrial Groups" (units of his disciples in the unions) began to look like a fixture.

All this was enough to make any politician nervous. For one thing, Santamaria's movement was essentially Catholic. Although its spokesman frequently protested that it was open to everyone, and that many Protestants belonged to it, the flavor of the thing was unmistakably Catholic. To an outsider, the phrase "papal encyclical" may have a sinister ring to it, and on top of that, the movement had the enthusiastic approval of the hierarchy. I doubt that Santamaria ever realized how politically dangerous his Catholic associations were, even though they may have helped him to recruit followers; if he had, he might have been saved from what seems, in the light of later events, to have been his greatest blunder—allowing his movement to be called "Catholic Action." After that it was no good pretending it was not Catholic.

Thus the old problem of the Catholics in the labor movement was raised in a new and sensitive form. Never before had the unions been dominated specifically by Catholics. And in Australia dominance in the unions eventually means involvement in labor politics, unless a strong conscious effort is made to keep out of them. Was Santamaria prepared to make such an effort? With his views on the Asian peril, there could be only one answer to that one. He decided to widen his scope, by adding politics to his bulging program.

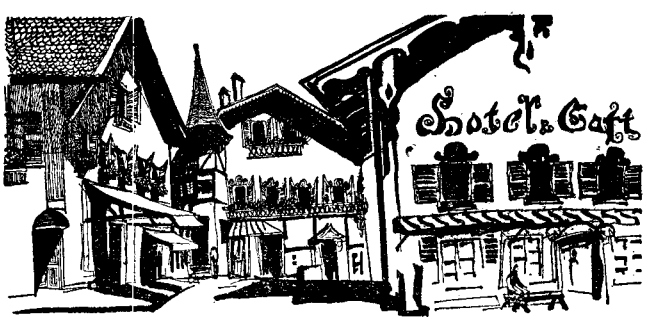
Santamaria's political connection was always indirect and tantalizingly mysterious. His avowed purpose was to allow his men to be "a leaven in the Labor party," but obviously they were going to be more than that. Modern political parties have room only for leaders and followers, not for leavens. The question was whether Santamaria's followers would be content to follow the existing party leadership, theoretically ennobling it by their very presence, or whether they would try to enforce the spectacular notions of their own master, at the expense of party unity.

Unfortunately, the present leader of the Labor party, Dr. Herbert Evatt, does not agree with Santamaria about the Communist menace. His attitude towards it is somewhere between easy-going and guardedly friendly. He opposes things like national conscription and the sending of troops to Malaya as aggressive acts, likely to inflame Australia's good friends in the Far East. He opposes Communism, but not with any notable vigor; in the eyes of Santamaria, he is a potential sympathizer who could do fantastic harm in the event of a Communist invasion. Consequently, Santamaria's followers were, almost by definition, dedicated to opposing the party leadership, at least on the question of national preparedness, which was no small issue.

PERHAPS it was just a matter of time before the issue of security split the party, despite the long-standing tradition of compromise among Labor men. At any rate, the Petrov exposure of Soviet espionage inside Australia put an end to all such conjecture.

Petrov accused two of Dr. Evatt's former secretaries as Communists; Evatt decided to take on their legal defense, and shortly afterward he challenged the Royal Commission of Inquiry itself. At once the Santamaria group went into action, largely through a paper called the *News Weekly,* which began printing grotesque cartoons of Evatt and high-pitched editorials in the *"j'accuse"* manner. The Petrov case proved beyond a doubt that Dr. Evatt was, to put it mildly, unsound on the Communist issue. And to a Santamaria man, that was a serious matter.

Dr. Evatt was badly stung by what he considered disloyalty among his nominal followers, and he struck back ferociously. Breathlessly he announced that he had discovered a conspiracy in the Labor party, a dastardly thing called Catholic Action, an outside influence of unspeakable cunning and malice. Immediately, the nation turned its attention from the Evatt-Petrov business to stare at the new monster, giving Evatt a handy breathing-spell—for if the public was vaguely disturbed by the shadowy Communist threat, it was clearly outraged by the idea of the Catholics taking over a political party, and eventually running Australia. Evatt pointed out with triumph that many Catholics were as alarmed as he at the prospect, and indeed numerous Catholic politicians did stick with Evatt in the conflict. Possibly in doing so they were just mesmerized by the mystique of Labor unity.



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Santamaria's position was eminently attackable. The work he had been doing in the unions had been, by its nature, secret to some extent, and his obscurity lent glamor to the charges of conspiracy. His paper, the *News Weekly,* was clearly a political sheet, and yet it was being sold at church doors in Sydney, a fact that helped to make it look like a predominantly Catholic conspiracy. Worst of all, he had been cursed by just the wrong amount of success: enough to make him seem like a very real threat, not enough to make him one.

IN the final showdown, Santamaria had the gloomy experience of watching many Catholics abandon the Industrial Groups, leaving them with a skeleton party of seven in the Federal House of Parliament. But these seven were vigorous to the end, still yelling at Evatt and his companions as the ship went down. All seven lost their seats in the recent elections, but they and their friends divided the Labor vote sufficiently to insure that Evatt almost certainly will not become Prime Minister in the near future. And they do not seem to mind their own political fate too much; as one Santamaria man declared during the state elections in Victoria, "The downfall of Evatt is more important than my own seat," or words to that effect. For from the point of view of national security, the Santamaria wing of the Labor party would prefer to see the Liberals in power—a fact that Evatt constantly taunts them with. Indeed, if it were not for the magic of the word "Labor," these men might just as well call themselves Liberal. This adds point to Evatt's argument that they are really intruders.

Nobody can say with confidence what will become of the Australian Labor party. At present, Santamaria gives the impression that he would gladly give up politics, if only he could get his map of Asia into Evatt's office. But even if he did, it is unlikely that his followers would ever combine with Evatt again, either at his request or theirs. Nor will the sectarian issue die down so easily. I was told by an eminent authority that one key Labor politician, a Catholic who has stuck with Evatt, has been predicting that there will be no more than two or three Catholics in the next parliament. If this happens, Dr. Evatt and Mr. Santamaria can have an interesting argument over which of the two deserves more responsibility for the fact.

Meanwhile, the unions are in grave danger of going back to the Communists. Santamaria has already lost much ground in them, which he is not likely to regain, and the Australian worker is too happy-go-lucky to worry much about who takes his place. And this, if Santamaria's crystal ball is to be trusted, is a sobering thought.

THE STAGE

THE MATCHMAKER

AFTER a good dinner, and a better bottle of wine, Mr. Thornton Wilder's farce about marrying and being taken in marriage, "The Matchmaker," seems the quintessence of high-spirited wit. I might suggest, however, a hardy vintage to sustain you through the somewhat desperate *longueurs* of the second act: but this is a graceless kind of carping, and on the whole, Mr. Wilder has bagged that most exotic of game, a comedy for serious people: "The Matchmaker" is, to borrow the Anouilh term, a *pièce rose*: a delicate lustre of sentiment warms and softens its blunt texture of reality: no great weight here, no burden, no statement about mortality or human endurance—only freshness of feeling, animation, a current of lyricism fashioned exquisitely to the small proportions of the play. Much has been made of Mr. Wilder's resumption of the great trumpery of farce—masquerades and disguises, mixed identities, etc.—but it is not this which gives "The Matchmaker" its interest or its charm: as I sought to illustrate some months ago in my notice of the revival of "The Skin of Our Teeth," Mr. Wilder as theatrical innovator is most obvious, but not always most satisfying. Rather, it is again the dramatist's nostalgic sunniness of spirit—suffusing the shopworn debris of farce—which seems to me to give "The Matchmaker" its quick, bright, small, secure vitality. Mr. Wilder is ever concerned with life lived intensely, on however homely or domestic a scale, and never more so than in this comedy which ends by wishing for its audience openness and joy, the right proportions of action and contemplation, or as one of the characters so lightly puts it, of adventure and of staying-at-home.

In the world of farce, nature is guyed—everything seen larger than life, and slightly askew—and in focusing this particular angle of vision, Mr. Wilder has had the most handsome assistance. Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch's decors, for example, back the dramatist's grotesque humors with their own splendid logic of phantasy. So too with Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's boldly stylized direction. Since it will be my moral task, some one or two weeks hence, to arraign Mr. Guthrie's mutilation of the Pirandello "Six Characters" (currently at the Phoenix) there is a certain wintry pleasure in recording here how sumptuously he has composed and animated "The Matchmaker" within its gentle limits. The comic line in this production is fluent and firm, never blurred: embellishments of visual and dramatic wit are strung on it with a lavish opulence.

It is perhaps the performance, however—meshed to a seamless perfection—which finally releases all the energy in the play. Miss Ruth Gordon, painted and

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primed as a Restoration bawd, plays in a key of sublime and transcendent vulgarity. Miss Gordon's slimy prowl; her vast, randy mouth set in a face of pure, sly Hogarth; her voice masticating with indecent relish every kind of prevarication and fraud, are irresistible. I do not ordinarily much care for the fevered language of praise, but I must confess that Miss Gordon brought out something screamingly low and common in me, and I sat through her fantastic exhibition undone by a kind of exquisite gutter glee. Miss Eileen Herlie counterpoints this with a performance of the most ravishing charm, filling the stage with a delicate winged exaltation, an iridescent shimmer of hope which beats tenderly against the heart. Yet there is nowhere to be found failure or error in this production: not in the two touching and ingenuous apprentices (Arthur Hill and Robert Morse), nor in Loring Smith's great bubble of gullible indignation, nor in any of the countless strokes, sweet or rowdy, which make up Mr. Wilder's richly wrought cartoon of the tender vanity of human wishes. *(At the Royale.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

THIS remake of Louis Bromfield's once-popular novel, *The Rains Came,* has been produced by Frank Ross on such an elaborate and definitive scale that I doubt if it will ever be made again. Now called "The Rains of Ranchipur," it spreads across a CinemaScope screen and uses De Luxe Color, trick photography, background shots taken in Pakistan and an expensive cast to tell a story of redemption and regeneration. I'm not exactly sure that this script, written by Merle Miller, needs such spectacular visualization, but the results are certainly impressive. The story, up-dated somewhat and changed to fit the cast, concerns a group of people who are thrown together in Ranchipur, India, and bogged down by problems. It takes rains, floods, earthquakes and their horrible aftermath to set these people straight.

The leading roles in this melee are those of Lana Turner as an American heiress with incredible wealth, whose chief claims to fame are her beauty and promiscuity; Michael Rennie as her English husband, whom she married only for his title but who ineffectually hangs on to this wife whom he describes as "most selfish, most decadent and most corrupt"; Richard Burton as an Indian doctor with such high nobility of purpose that he's almost saintly; Fred MacMurray as an American engineer who has taken to drink after losing his ideals; Joan Caulfield as a pretty, clean-cut American girl who sees in Fred an opportunity to break away from her domineering parents; and Eugenie Leontovich as the elderly Maharani who has big plans for the noble young doctor and immediately recognizes that Lana intends to add him to her list of conquests. Director Jean Negulesco gets good performances out of this cast and the large number of supporting players. The conflicts are well stated; the groupings and regroupings are carefully arranged—and then come the rains.

It's been a long time since a movie has portrayed disaster so effectively. Torrents of rain fall. The earth quakes and hundreds of shrieking extras fall into crevices. Dams burst and people and possessions are swept along by the flood. The catastrophe and resulting suffering are visualized so well and so vividly that these petty characters and their problems no longer seem of much importance. And when we do get back to their problems the solutions are obvious. A lot of people come to the right answers, but nature has to put on a big show to swing them into line.

THE English have sent over a film that also deals with a group of people gathered in one place and faced with approaching disaster. But the place is a plane and the disaster is its crash landing on a rock-strewn beach—all as foretold in a dream. "The Night My Number Came Up" isn't concerned so much with the changes that a harrowing experience makes on a collection of characters, as it is with the experience itself and the uncanny working out of the predictions of a dream.

The dream, related by a guest at a dinner party, concerns thirteen people aboard a DC-3 that gets lost over the sea and crashes; to some extent, the dream even describes a few passengers aboard. So far so good, but when a commander (Michael Redgrave) and his aide (Denholf Elliott) are scheduled to fly from Hong Kong to Japan the next day, the events of the dream are started; and then, when several other passengers are added to the list, including Alexander Knox as a British official and Sheila Sim as his secretary, the details of the prediction materialize too ominously for comfort.

Step-by-step, as details fall into place, nervous Knox reminds calm Redgrave of the dream, and the tension begins to mount. R. C. Sherriff, who based his screenplay on a real-life account of such an experience, stretches the suspense out unmercifully; and Director Leslie Norman lets his cast underplay their roles in such a tantalizing manner that we begin to feel like the victims of a cat-and-mouse game. For my money, there is just a little too much talk about the dream, and the picture gives the effect of being padded. Another Eng-

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lish film of several years ago, "Dead of Night," was more successful because it dallied with a series of dreams and occult stories and then quickly moved from one eerie situation to another. "The Night My Number Came Up" drags on and on with its realistic visualization of the flight and is obviously not for anyone who is already squeamish about flying.

Fortunately, the film has some nice touches of humor, the most macabre of which takes place in Okinawa where the plane lands for the night; by this time all the details of the dream have come true except the final crash; the band in a drinking spot on this island is playing "Everything in the Dream Was Lovely."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

THE UNITY OF TRUTH

PARTICIPATING in the recent observance of Founders' Day at Saint Louis University, the Reverend John Courtney Murray, S.J., addressed the Faculty Convocation on the subject, "The Responsibility of the University." Excerpts from his address, which appeared in the *Catholic Messenger* of Davenport, Iowa, are given below:

If I had to state in a sentence, as a generalization, what the responsibility of the university is, I think I should say that it is a responsibility for intellectual order, for the order of truth—or more exactly, for the unity of truth.

Stated as a generalization, the idea may seem tame, vague, jejune, perhaps unreal. To see how audacious it is, how exciting and how dynamic, perhaps we ought to go back for a minute to the man who was the first in our Christian era to grasp the problem of the unity of truth and to accept responsibility for attempting its solution. I mean, of course, Adamantius Origen, the genius who towers over the third century—indeed over all of Christian antiquity. . . .

"When I devoted myself to the Word," Origen wrote, "and the fame of my proficiency went abroad, there came to me adherents of the various schools of thought, and men conversant with Greek learning, particularly with philosophy. It seemed therefore necessary that I should examine the doctrines of the schools and see what the philosophers had said concerning the truth."

In this simple, almost casual way Origen describes the beginning of the great historic encounter between Christianity and the ancient world of intellect. . . .

A journey to Rome about 212 A.D. further convinced Origen that Christianity was challenging the best intelligence of the time and was in turn being challenged either with hope or with hostility. Therefore on his return to Alexandria he reorganized his catechesis into a didascalia, a proper school. . . .

In this part of his task Origen came to grips with the problem of the day. Christianity, he knew, was not the Grecian art of being human; nor was it a sentimental touch of universal brotherhood added to a Roman ideal of citizenship; least of all was it some self-authenticating individual inner experience of "salvation," that stood in no intelligible relation to what the Alexandrian Museum was thinking and saying.

Christianity was fundamentally a word, a doctrine, a gnosis (so Origen called it), a knowledge that is also the law of life, normative in all the problems of human thought and purpose. Christianity presumed to occupy intellectual ground; but it found this ground to no small extent already occupied.

There was the ancient lore of Egypt and the East; there was the revealed wisdom and sacred law of the Jew; above all, there was Greek reason and "all that the philosophers had said concerning truth."

The problem was not some rude dispossession of these tenants. The Library of Alexandria was not to be burnt, as Justinian later thought, in a stupidity of zeal rather Vandal or Mohammedan than Christian.

The question, as Clement of Alexandria had already put it, was whether there is "one river of Truth"; whether the two Testaments are finally One; whether the Logos, the Word, who had come as Christ to be the Light of the World, was not somehow also the light that had beckoned to the soul of Egypt, burst upon the Prophets, and illumined the intelligence of Greece.

The question was whether Christianity, like Christ, was the truth in which all truths are ultimately One.

THIS was the ultimate question with which Origen's best students were put to wrestle, and he with them as their guide. He was, as Eusebius notes, "celebrated as a great philosopher even among the Greeks themselves." And his first step with his students is described by one of them, Gregory of Neocaesarea, a lawyer and later a bishop, in the famous *Panegyric of Origen* that was his valedictory to his alma mater and its master:

". . . Nothing," Gregory writes, "was forbidden us, nothing hidden from us, nothing inaccessible to us. We were to learn all manner of doctrine—barbarian or Greek, mystical or political, divine or human. We went into and examined with entire freedom all sorts of ideas, in order to justify ourselves and enjoy to the full these goods of the mind. When an ancient thought was true, it belonged to us and was at our disposition with all its marvelous possibilities of delightful contemplation. . . ."

Gregory's account catches something of the excitement of the years he spent with Origen. There is the

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excitement inherent in the free search of the mind for truth, wherever it may be found. There is the even greater excitement inherent in the mind's search for order, for the relation of truth to truth, for the inner hidden unity that must somehow join in a many-splendored pattern all the fragments of truth, human and divine, that the intelligence of man can encompass.

The first Christian school of Alexandria accepted responsibility for filling an inner need of the human spirit as it was caught in the clashing encounter between the gnosis of Christianity and all the knowledge symbolized by the Museum.

THIS encounter is permanently joined. The Church is a permanent institution. The Museum too endures in other forms, vaster and more learned than ever. And the responsibility that falls on the university is the same one that Origen accepted.

What the human spirit endowed with Christian faith permanently needs is that all its knowledges, acquired within the Church and within the Museum, should ultimately be seen as one; for truth to the Christian is ultimately a word that has no plural, despite all the distinctnesses that stand, unconfused, within the compass of its unconfused infinitude.

In 1955 one might well quail before the immensity of this responsibility. It is now some five hundred years since the early origins of what Lagarde called, rather untranslatably, *l'esprit laique*.

Since that time the human intelligence in the West has more and more firmly chosen, as the single field for the exercise of its powers, this terrestrial world and the phenomena and events observable in it, whether in the realm of nature or in the secular story of man. All that is transcendent to this terrestrial orb has, by that same token, been regarded as beyond intelligence and therefore no object of concern. In consequence a gigantic divorce operation has gone on.

The truths of Christian faith and their prolongation, theology, have been divorced from all the things that men think about and do—from morality, philosophy, politics, law, economics, science, technology, medicine, psychiatry, art and the creative imagination, poetry, drama—and even sport. We stand today at the end of a lengthy process of disintegration that has sundered from one another all the activities of human reason.

The first casualty of the process has been the idea of the unity of truth. A second has been the idea of truth itself.

But perhaps the ultimate and most disastrous casualty has been the very idea of intelligence, the very idea of the life of reason. . . .

WHAT concretely can we do, here in America, in a pluralist society that almost by definition rejects the ideal of a unity of truth, and in a technological society that has lost its grip on the full dimensions of intelligence and is willing to consent to an ideal of rational life that is something less than fully reasonable?

First of all, we cannot write a Summa of Human Knowledge in this our age. We cannot bring everything together all at once. Perhaps the best we can do is piecework, as it were. Some of this work of bringing at least a few things together is presently going on.

There is, for instance, the effort at a reconciliation of religion and psychiatry—the effort to relate the clinical techniques and findings of modern psychology to a true religious and philosophical understanding of the nature of man.

There could be an effort to relate the philosophy of natural law to the practical problems of law and to the constitution of legal systems. Natural law is an application of the principle of the unity of truth to the field of "legal" law.

There could be a further effort to relate the economic experience of man more closely to the totality of his human experience—especially his experience of human purposes higher than any purpose pursued in his economic life. This effort will be of increasing importance in the years just head of us. Recent technological developments make it certain—as certain as any aspects of the human condition are ever certain—that men in the future will have much more freedom from economic pressures than in the past. They will be less able to seek their fulfillment, as many today do, within the economic process itself. . . .

Other bits of piece work could easily be suggested—even apart from the piece of work than that which can hardly be called piecework, since it goes close to the heart of the problem today. I mean the constitution of a valid philosophy of science—not least perhaps in its epistemological aspects.

All this difficult work would be a demonstration that the intellectual tradition to which we belong has not lost its ancient genius—its genius at uniting new things and old within its ever widening orbit. . . .

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Religion in the Melting Pot of America

PROTESTANT-CATHOLIC-JEW. By Will Herberg. Doubleday. $4.

By ALBAN BAER

IN *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* Mr. Will Herberg has investigated the three great divisions of organized religion in the United States—their development in the New World from Old World origins, the modifications that have come about in their outward manifestations if not in their essence as a result of this transplantation, and the relation that each bears to the other two. It is a fascinating study, even if some of its implications are uncomfortable.

Mr. Herberg begins with the obvious fact that never before has there been such *public* interest in religion. Church membership is at an all-time high; contributions to religious and charitable causes (all duly tax-exempt) have surprised even their own sponsors; the Bible continues to surpass its own record as a best-seller, followed at close quarters by the inspirational writings of Norman Vincent Peale, Joshua Loth Liebman, and Fulton J. Sheen. The "village atheist" has become extinct. Yet secularism has all but taken over our society. Never has the level of religious knowledge been so low. Fewer than fifty percent of Americans are able to name even one of the four gospels. Among the events judged to be most significant in history, the crucifixion and death of Christ finds only fourteenth place. These and many other hair-raising facts are adduced by Mr. Herberg to show that in America religion has a peculiar and specialized meaning, a meaning it did not have in the lands from which the immigrants transplanted it.

He finds the clue to this meaning in the "triple melting pot," a motif that recurs again and again throughout his book. In a land so vast as America, it is necessary for the individual, tiny and isolated, to find something with which to identify himself. What more natural than that he should tie himself to the religion of his grandparents? The ethnic overtones which made that religion distasteful to his parents, eager as they were to adjust themselves as rapidly as possible to the American Way of Life, have virtually disappeared; the religions themselves have assumed an American tinge (in a chapter devoted to each, Mr. Herberg shows how each has done so) and hence the result is that being a Protestant, Catholic or Jew emerges as part and parcel of being an American. Will all three eventually merge into an "American religion"? No, says Mr. Herberg, because the end of the religious group—to serve as a principle of identification for the individual—would thereby be lost.

Such in brief is Mr. Herberg's thesis; and he marshals a huge array of statistics, surveys and polls to back it up. If anything, he is over-scrupulous in his annotating, and his style at times suggests the academic sociological dissertation. If his book were no more than this, it would be of value only to the specialist.

But it is more. Mr. Herberg everywhere shows himself to be aware of true human values. He knows what religion ought to be. He shows, for example, the dangerous self-deception in which most Americans indulge in the belief that they are observing the New Testament law of love; he shows that interfaith movements in this country are almost exclusively concerned with tactful gestures on the surface and by no means reach down to attain that full encounter of theological minds which is the main interest of such movements in Europe. He is kind enough to say that "Catholics come closest to the religious norm, to what is usually regarded as the beliefs and attitudes proper to religious people"—but (it may be interjected) even they are far from achieving the ideal intellectual maturity demanded by religion which is not merely a matter of sentiment. (See, for example, Father John Tracy Ellis's article on Catholics and the intellectual life in a recent number of *Thought*.)

The last chapter, "Religion in America in the Perspective of Faith," is the crown of the whole work, for it is here that Mr. Herberg is concerned to show exactly what is the nature of American religion and how by implication it falls short of true religion. "Jewish-Christian faith is God-centered. . . . Sinful egocentricity invades all areas of life, including the religious." This egocentricity has had an easy entrance into American religion because of the need, stated before, for self-identification. The result is that the institutional, social function of the churches is often emphasized at the expense of faith and worship, which dwindle into a mere religiosity. Religion as such, faith as such, is sufficient: never mind what the religion asserts, what the object of the faith. "Religiousness" is the result, "with almost any kind of content or none, a way of sociability or 'belonging' rather than a way of reorienting life to God . . . without serious commitment, without real inner conviction, without genuine existential decision." Faith becomes a "technique for getting results." "The 'gospel' makes us 'feel real good'." God becomes "the Man Upstairs," a "Friendly Neighbor." At this kind of thing one is stunned into silence.

No one can deny that faith brings its own kind of consolation; but it must be stressed that it has its tensions and contradictions as well—tensions and contradictions which, it is fervently to be hoped, the bulk of Americans may one day discover.

Changing World

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE. By Chester Bowles. Harper. $4.50.

By HAROLD C. HINTON

THIS interesting book is the work of a man who, probably more than any other living American, has

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succeeded in grasping the felt needs of Asians in general, and Indians in particular, and in establishing with them a relationship based on sympathy and mutual respect. It would be easy to point to errors of fact and interpretation in the book, but they are minor by comparison with its merits.

He begins with a brief discussion of the Cold War, followed by an account of the Russian and Chinese revolutions of Lenin and Mao Tse-tung, which, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde's definition of the English gentleman foxhunting, may be described as the unspeakable in pursuit of the unworkable. If Mr. Bowles does not excel at this sort of historical analysis, he has still provided an intelligent and comprehensible layman's account of these upheavals.

Next he comes to the India which he knows and loves so well and to the Gandhian alternative to the program of Lenin and Mao. This is the best part of the book, and it is extremely good. Without lapsing into sentimentality, he explains the extraordinarily complex person that was Gandhi and makes him not only understandable but thoroughly admirable, to a degree which few other accounts have achieved. Nehru's government he considers a worthy executor of Gandhi's legacy; to the reviewer it seems that Mr. Bowles tends to overlook the defects of the executor. By the same token, Pakistan receives less attention than it deserves.

With the Bandung Conference as his point of departure, Mr. Bowles then examines the struggle of colonial peoples in Asia and Africa to rid themselves of foreign rule, a struggle which he sees, and they see, as a twentieth century counterpart of the American War of Independence. He considers the evolution of the American political ideal, with a juster appreciation of the greatness of Wilson than is found in most such accounts. Our spirit of liberty and democracy he holds to be a more effective solution to the present world crisis than military power, economic aid, or diplomacy, although he concedes that these three instruments have their uses. If, and only if, we are true to our ideals, "a stalemate achieved by terror slowly may merge into peace."

However this summary may have made it sound, Mr. Bowles's writing is seldom platitudinous. It has, however, the defect, in the reviewer's opinion, that it tries a little hard to be constructive and to avoid controversy. Before erecting a building one must sometimes demolish a slum which clutters the site. Nowhere, for example, does Mr. Bowles so much as mention our present Secretary of State or his genius for massive infuriation of foreign governments.

Rage into Order

NOTES OF A NATIVE SON. By James Baldwin. Beacon Press. $2.75.

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ally intelligent collection by the young Negro, James Baldwin, begins like this: "On the 29th of July, in 1943, my father died. On the same day, a few hours later, his last child was born. Over a month before this, while all our energies were concentrated in waiting for these events, there had been, in Detroit, one of the bloodiest race riots of the century. A few hours after my father's funeral, while he lay in state in the undertaker's chapel, a race riot broke out in Harlem. On the morning of the 3rd of August, we drove my father to the graveyard through a wilderness of smashed plate glass."

Mr. Baldwin has been enraged into a style; the harshness of his lot, his racial sensitivity, and the sense of alienation and displacement that is frequently the fate of intellectuals in this country has moved him to portray in lyrical, passionate, sometimes violent prose the complex, oblique, endless outrages by which a man, particularly a black man, can be made to feel outside the established social order.

Lacking identity with Negro culture, and finding it impossible to establish any genuine rapport with white intellectuals, the Negro intellectual is singularly isolated. The dissident Jew, with related problems, has an indigenous intellectual tradition that goes back several millenia, but the Negro comes from a preliterate culture in Africa and in the American South; to borrow the language of theology, the Jewish intellectual is merely a schismatic, the Negro intellectual, a heretic, and hence in perpetual exile. Their numbers—and this heightens the lack of belonging to an in-group—are, understandably, few.

Whether James Baldwin is discussing anti-Negro manifestations, as in his criticism of Hollywood's "Carmen Jones," or the disgraceful opportunism of political groups, like the Progressive Party in Harlem ("Journey to Atlanta"), or Negro anti-Semitism, he never fails to be evocative and illuminating. In "Equal in Paris" he does something more, and in "Many Thousands Gone," the only piece in the book that doesn't measure up to the rest, something less. In the first, he goes beyond the specifically racial situation—he is arrested in Paris, through an error of sorts, and placed incommunicado in prison, and his account of the experience is in existentialist terms of the pathos inherent in the human condition; in "Many Thousands Gone," an early essay, he psychologically repudiates his blackness to so alarming an extent that the piece reads like a literary exercise in schizophrenia. There are many examples: "Time has made some changes in the Negro face. Nothing has succeeded in making it exactly like our own. . ." And he speaks of the Negro as "they" and of himself as "us."

Almost invariably, Mr. Baldwin brings a depth, intensity and clarity to his subject: the peculiar dilemma of Negroes, particularly of Northern Negro intellectuals who can legitimately claim neither Western nor African heritage as their own. His virtues are so great that one can make light of Mr. Baldwin's weaknesses: his wit is caustic and nearer

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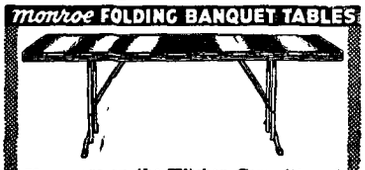

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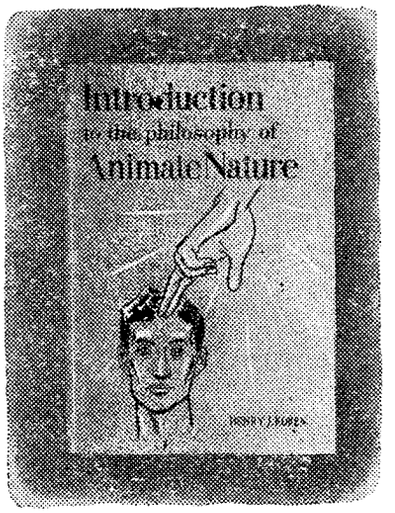

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tears than laughter, and his earnestness virtually unrelieved. Humor—and how true this is for the Negro!—is the only safety mechanism in the perpetual extreme situation, and one wonders how Mr. Baldwin who reveals so little has survived so well, for he is certainly the most perceptive Negro writing today, and, quite possibly, even granting Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison their very generous due, the most eloquent.

The Sea Change

HERITAGE. By Anthony West. Random House. $3.75.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

WHEN the illegitimate son of two of the most distinguished literary figures of the century writes a novel about the illegitimate son of two famous period figures of the same century, the average reader may learn one of two things: how fictional are the author's facts, or how factual is the author's fiction. Luckily for Mr. Anthony West's readers—Mr. West's father was H. G. Wells and his mother is Cicely Andrews, who writes under the nom-de-plume of Rebecca West—he is a novelist, a creative writer, and he transforms what might have been a savage whine into an admirably lucid, compassionate and often very funny account of two lamentable parents and one remarkably tolerant, understanding and filial child.

Unicorns, Mr. Norman Douglas (the sybaritic author of *South Wind*) once remarked, are the worst of parents, and, shamefully neglecting their offspring, rarely succeed in rearing them. Naomi and Max were impossible unicorns: self-centered, outrageous people, messing up the life of anyone who was fool enough to get into their steam-rollering way. Naomi was a great actress, who would storm at her Scottish maid: "I cannot have my entire life disorganized by that child. It's hopeless for me even to try and work in the circumstances. My work's going to pieces—I'm at my wits' end."—The maid explains, "The poor mite does all he can to keep out of your

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way, ma'am. I found him playing with his toys under his bed this morning . . ." "Yes, that's the sort of thing. Hiding and spying. I can't bear it. . . ."

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REVIEWERS

Dom Alban Baer is a monk of Portsmouth Priory in Rhode Island.

Harold C. Hinton is on the faculty of Georgetown University and is a frequent contributor to The Commonweal.

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